

THREEPENCE



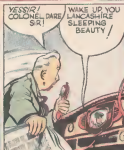
EVERY FRIDAY

# EAGLE

28 APRIL 1950 No. 3

## DAN DARE

PILOT OF THE FUTURE



EE, I'M SORRY TO HEAR THAT SIR!



YOU'RE NOT HALF AS SORRY AS I AM, DIGBY. THAT'S THE THIRD CREW I'VE LOST TRYING TO GET TO VENUS!



AND I WON'T LOSE ANY MORE! THE CABINET CAN DO WHAT THEY LIKE! I'M NOT SENDING ANY MORE MEN TO CERTAIN DEATH!



IT DOES SEEM A SHAME TO LOSE SO MANY GOOD MEN SIR — ARE THEY SURE THERE'S FOOD THERE?



THE SCIENTIFIC TYPES ARE CONVINCED THERE'S AIR, SOIL AND WATER ON VENUS.....



AND THEY'RE NOT OFTEN WRONG — THEY SAID THERE WOULDN'T BE MUCH ON MARS, AND, AS YOU KNOW THERE ISN'T.



UGH MARS! — HORRIBLE PLACE, SIR — MILES AND MILES OF NOWT!



AND WE DO URGENTLY NEED BIG NEW FOOD SUPPLIES, DIG OR THERE'S GOING TO BE SERIOUS TROUBLE!



IT ALL SEEMS VERY IRONICAL LIKE TO ME, SIR



WE GET A WORLD GOVERNMENT THAT ENDS WARS, THE DOCTORS HAVE NEARLY EVERY DISEASE TAPED, AND NOBODY'S REALLY POOR ANY MORE — IN FACT, EVERYTHING IN THE GARDEN'S LOVELY —



EXCEPT THERE'S NOTHING TO EAT IN IT!



IT WAS BOUND TO HAPPEN, DIGBY — THE NUMBER OF PEOPLE IN THE WORLD HAS DOUBLED SINCE 1950 — AND FOOD SUPPLIES ARE GROWING LESS BECAUSE VAST AREAS OF THE EARTH HAVE BEEN EXHAUSTED BY BAD FARMING IN THE PAST!



TRY AS WE MAY, WE SIMPLY CAN'T GROW ENOUGH FOOD TO GO ROUND, AND THE SCIENTISTS CAN'T FIND ANY GOOD SUBSTITUTES!



BUT IF THEY'RE RIGHT AND WE COULD GROW CROPS ON VENUS, COMPRESS THEM, AND SHIP THEM BACK HERE, IT'LL MEAN LIFE ITSELF TO MILLIONS OF PEOPLE!



IT'S BEEN OUR GREATEST HOPE, AND THEN THIS HAS TO HAPPEN! — THREE EXPEDITIONS LOST — ALL IN THE SAME PLACE.....



THE SAME PLACE — THE SAME PLACE! BUREKA! — I'VE GOT IT! I KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THE KINGFISHER!



CONTINUED.....

# The Adventures of P.C.49

FROM THE FAMED RADIO  
series by ALAN STRANKS

QUIT WORRYING, DOPEY! THE CAR WAS MOVING TOO FAST FOR THAT COPPER TO IDENTIFY US.

MAYBE. BUT IF THAT KID DIES, WE'LL ALL FACE A MURDER BAR

HE SHOULDN'T HAVE GOT IN THE WAY.

JIMMY'S DANGEROUSLY ILL... I'M GOING ROUND TO THE HOSPITAL TO STAND BY IN CASE HE RECOVERS CONSCIOUSNESS.

POOR LITTLE BOY! I'LL COME WITH YOU.

THERE HE GOES. THE BLUE LAMP BOY—ALL BOOTS AND NO BRAINS.

PHREW! AM I GLAD TO SEE THE BACK OF HIM!

ON FRIDAY WE'LL DO THE PEPPERMILL PAY ROLL JOB—THEN WE'LL TAKE A NICE LONG HOLIDAY.

## AT THE HOSPITAL

I DON'T SUPPOSE IT WILL DO ANY HARM IF YOU SIT WITH HIM A WHILE. IS THIS OFFICIAL, CONSTABLE?

NO—I'M OFF DUTY, BUT JIMMY'S A FRIEND OF MINE AND I'D LIKE TO BE HANDY IF HE DOES COME ROUND.

YOU'D BETTER BUZZ OFF HOME, JOAN. I MAY BE HERE ALL-NIGHT.

NO—I'LL GO BACK TO COFFEE DENS AND WAIT. PHONE ME THERE IF ANYTHING HAPPENS.

HOW BAD IS HE, DOCTOR?

VERY SICK. FRACTURED SKULL AND SEVERE INJURIES TO THE SPINE. THE STRANGE THING IS THOSE SPINAL INJURIES SEEM TO HAVE RELIEVED THE PRESSURE ON THAT BAD HIP OF HIS.

DO YOU MEAN HE'S GOT A CHANCE OF WALKING NORMALLY?

HE MIGHT HAVE HAD, BUT I'M VERY MUCH AFRAID HE'LL NEVER RECOVER CONSCIOUSNESS.

## THROUGH THE NIGHT

'MORNING, FORTYNINE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

JIMMY! THANK GOD YOU'VE COME ROUND. HOW DO YOU FEEL?

NOT SO BAD. HEAD HURTS A BIT. WHAT HAPPENED?... AH, I REMEMBER...

REMARKABLE! I'M PROUD OF YOU, MY LAD. YOU'RE GOING TO GET WELL...

BUT NOW YOU MUST GO TO SLEEP

I CAN'T SLEEP UNTIL I'VE TOLD FORTYNINE SOMETHING AS IMPORTANT—AND PRIVATE!

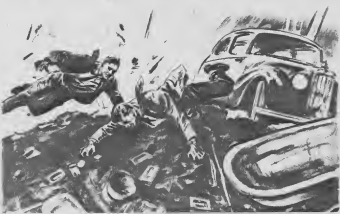
MAKE IT SHORT, JIMMY. THE DOC SAYS WE'LL ONLY GIVE US TWO MINUTES.

JUST BEFORE THAT CAR HIT ME I HEARD IT COMING AND SWUNG 'ROUND. AND JUST BEFORE I WENT DOWN I SAW...

CONTINUED

# PLOT AGAINST THE WORLD

by Chad Varab



## The story so far

Life became exciting for Jim the night he found a wounded stranger in a cellar, was shot in by a gangster, nearly killed by Ken's son, Ray, who took him for a longer when he checked into their home in get help to rescue the stranger, and was scared out of his wits by the sudden appearance of his cousin Ray, who was supposed to have been drowned ten years before. After Ray had revealed him as a head-basher known to the gang who was involved in atomic action, he found a time bomb placed in the house, and while running to dump it, fell and landed himself out with the bomb ticking away each tick.

Meanwhile, Ken and Pru had gone to rescue the stranger but found his cousin Ray. Pru on the way home alone was threatened and kidnapped by two men in a car.

Ray, who had been searching for his friend the stranger when he found Ken, was in pursuit of the gangsters, and wanted to get on to the roof of the car in which they were escaping. But they stopped the car and sent a jerk that catapulted him into the road.

## Chapter 3

### Blown to Smithereens!

**F**ORTUNATELY Ray knew how to fall. He held his himself go leap, and though badly bruised and shaken he had broken no bones.

When he recovered from the daze, he couldn't understand why the gangsters were still sitting in the car instead of piling on top of him and practising a Rugby scrum. Then he noticed that he had a gun in his left hand, and that it was pointed at the car.

His wild grab at the gun just before the car threw him like a bucking bronco must have been successful! The gangsters little knew that he had no intention of shooting anyone if he could help it.

He charged the car to his right hand and clambered peacefully to his feet. He decided that he would have to shoot at the tyres and, if necessary, "wig" his rearviewers.

He took aim at a back wheel, and at that moment the Morris started with a jerk and drove off at speed. Only a second elapsed before he realised why: a long rubber car sled to a stop beside him, and a stocky, curly-headed figure jumped out and left him up. It was Dick Rawlings.

"You want a lift?" asked Dick.

"I say I do!" answered Ray, climbing in and sliding across to snuggle near the driver. "You just turned up as the sack of time."

The car swerved off before Ray had finished speaking.

The sturdy young Newcombe handled her beautifully, and she responded like a five-ton to the gentle grip of his powerful hands.

"Thank you can catch 'em!" asked Ray. Dick smiled. "Know what this is?"

"Didn't you?" answered Ray, glancing along the sleek grey bonnet.

"It's Doctor's three-and-a-half five Jaguar," grunted Dick, with ill-concealed pride. "Fastest thing on the road. The twenty-five car. Or a bit more for me if ah need it, won't ye, me hedy? Catch 'em!" He roared again. "But you teller our drive."

The Morris turned and turned, scattering round corners on two wheels, so that the Jaguar could never open out fully. Dick wouldn't allow the car, especially as it wasn't his, but its speed and his skill began to reduce the gangster's lead.

"How did you come on the scene?" enquired Ray. "Did Jim and Ken see you?"

"Ah they missed up w' came gang?" answered Dick.

"Yes - I didn't involve them though." "Good. These chaps is no playmates for lads," Dick pulled up hard at some traffic lights which the gangsters had ignored, and though Ray stared at the delay, he saw the sense of it as a heavy lorry lumbered across their tracks.

"Ken and I ain't come for ye earlier on," he continued, musing in the clutch as the lights changed, "with a swift take about a wounded man Jim 'ad found in a coal-tail. Ah went with 'em to get 'em out, but 'e weren't there. Nah you don't feel me!" Dick was now addressing the gangster, who had turned left, scowled round a block, and then cut back to the right. "Ah've seen you!" The Jaguar swooped along to the turn the Morris had finally taken. "Ah shouldn't called a cock-a-bell you but for one thing."

"What was that?" enquired Ray. Dick

never took his eyes off the road, but felt with his left hand in his jacket pocket and passed Ray a sordid ball.

"Found it in coal-tail. Jim 'ad said after was paged w' a ball. Friend o' yours?"

"Yes, he's 'one of us," replied Ray, pocketing the ball. "I'll keep that - any come in handy. Look out!"

The Morris had turned into a side-street, braked, and backed viciously out, trying to run them.

## In Pursuit

Dick didn't need Ray's warning yell. Given the choice of mounting the pavement and maybe damaging the Doctor's car, or retreating down the street the gangsters had backed out of and leaving his lead, he chose the latter.

Ray grunted, but Dick drove importantly round the block and was soon in pursuit again. "So Ah sent the young 'un home, and went back for me job," continued Dick as if nothing had happened. "Ah saw no more of 'em, but Ah were just finishin' changin' a wheel on this beauty when a car turned past end o' street w' a chap on roof. Ah didn't know as it were you, but Ah recognized car by the sound of 'is engine. Morris 'is, peered at 'em from stonew yard. Ah finished up before Ah followed - good thing Ah did," he added as he pulled the big car round a blind bend.

Suddenly he pulled up, stuck his head out of the window, and grinned. "They're stopped," he said quietly. "Keep yer eyes skinned an' you got 'em handy." The car was on a slight rise, and Dick put her in neutral, re-

leased the brake, and let her coast silently back to the bend.

"Oo are we chasing, anyway?" asked Dick, his eyes scanning the road in every direction. "A gang of crooks and traitors," answered Ray, through his teeth, "punching atomic secrets and selling them to the highest bidder. And double-crossing all sides. If they ain't stopped they'll get some more as juicy that a star's tussle 15-bones around."

"Tut, tut," said Dick, who had got his M.M. in the war for writing copy up to an enemy tank and sticking an adhesive bomb on its belly. "We can't 'ave that. Gonnae the right answer in one question, and Ah'm in the with yer. But first, there's one on 'em pattern' round you corner. We'd 've got right slap on top of 'em if Ah hadn't backed."

"I don't want to shoot if I can help it," said Ray, creeping out and taking cover behind the house. "I don't want the police around. It's surprising to me we haven't had them after us already."

"We may need 'em alive we've finished," grunted Dick as the gangster wheeled and Ray kept back into the car. "Ah dunno what yer think as two can do if we do catch 'em, unless yer changes yer mind about shootin'."

His knee creaked up the sound of the Morris cautiously starting up out of sight, and the Jaguar pulled into motion. Dick stomped past the turn where the other car had lurked and took the next, answering Ray's unspoken enquiry with -

"Happens they're lost, into three spokes on road, or were wrong it."

"Well, what was the question?" asked Ray as the chase continued.

"This - are you and yer pals working for England?" demanded Dick.

"I say - we're not working against England, anyway I'd rather say we're working for all mankind."

Dick pulled up. "Yer's talkin' like a communist," he said slowly.

"Then I must have put it badly. More of our chaps have got in the tank on the other side of the Iron Curtain than on this side."

"Ah've got it! Yer've sworn son o' Secret Service for this 'ere Atlantic Pact! Worker for all the civilized countries against the Red Peril as the Yorker Post say..."

His confident voice trailed into silence as Ray shook his head.

"We're working for all mankind, as I told before," repeated Ray. "The one thing the ordinary people in all countries are longing for is peace. We're going to make it for them."

## The Prosecutors

"Ah see," said Dick with a sigh. "Now Ah know why ye wouldn't shoot at them scallywags. You're pacifists. Well, Ah can respect yer views, but -"

"No!" interrupted Ray violently. "We're not pacifists - we're peace-makers. We're going to make peace - insist on it - if we have to fight before we can do it."

"Ah've 'ard that one before," commented Dick dryly. "Twice."

"This is different. You'll see! And if all goes well, there won't be any fighting. Some of the best brains in the world are -"

Ray suddenly broke off, and shut his mouth like a trap.

"I aintn't tell you any more," he said, "unless you decide to become one of us." "Ah've got a gag in a pocket," grunted Dick. "Not! We don't do that where Ah come from."

"You will when you're ready," said Ray solemnly. "Well, we've lost 'em - they're making away now. Can't be helped. Thanks for the interview."

"Ah'm sorry Ah made you 'em 'em," said Ray, "but when ye started on that clapping about 'all mankind' Ah had to be sure of ye before Ah went on 'dying'."

"Of course, Dick," Ray dropped him on the shoulder. "Understanding. When you feel you can trust me, we'll be proud to have you. Where do we go from here?"

"Back to where them gangsters stopped. Ah want to see what sort o' trap they had for



men get back to grapple with them into it. Then they

He started the car, turned her expertly and pulled up at the entrance to the side street where the gangster had seemed round the corner. He got out, followed by Ray, and suddenly burst into a run. Ray came up to find him kneeling by the prone figure of a girl.

She was lying unconscious in the middle of the road, her hands and legs tightly bound. Dick took a knife from his pocket and cut the cords, his jaw jutting and his eyes glittering. Then he picked her up as if she had been a baby, and carried her to the car without a word. Ray opened the door and helped to lay her on the back seat.

They got in the front, and then Dick spoke. "The devil," he said quietly, but in such a way that you could almost feel sorry for them if ever he met them.

"Who is she?" queried Ray, as Dick let her sit in the clutch.

"Pro. They must've nabbed her as she was going 'one from my place. Maybe they've sold her Kew. I'd say she's all right. I'd follow her down that street and I'd have gone over her afore Ah could see."

Ray nodded, slowly. "Now you see what we're up against," he said.

"Aye, Aye! Ah don't care what you are, so long as you aren't a bottle as 'you're again these devils, Ah'm with ye!"

Ray's face lit up. "Then they'd better look out, now!" he teased.

"They 'ad an' all!" grinned Dick. "Where are you taking her?" asked Ray, jerking his head towards the rear seat.

"Err," said Dick, stopping the car outside a pleasant Georgian house. "Ang on a minute."

At the Doctor's. As Dick went and rang repeatedly at one of the two bells, Ray craned his neck to read the brass plate. "Dr. Brown," it said.

In a little minutes the door was opened by a tall, stammering man in a dressing-gown. He seemed to know Dick, and they conferred in low voices. Then Dick returned to the car, and he and Ray came into the Doctor's consulting room. They waited anxiously whilst the police flood was beat over the girl.

He straightened up again with a great deal might have meant anything. "Will she be all right, Doctor?" asked Ray.

"Um." "Yell not get anything out of 'er," whispered Dick, loud enough for the Doctor to hear. "Then chaps some comin' themselves, but if patient dies they can make any they know all along."

The Doctor looked at Dick over his spectacles. "Really?" he said. "And what about you, shaking your head over my old car and saying nothing, until you got me so worried

out about it and thought that Jaguar wanted to stop with 'em."

He turned to Ray. "Nothing much wrong except that she's been chloroformed. Get her to bed and let her sleep it off. I'll drop in and see her later — that's if Dick will be kind enough to let me borrow my car," he added anxiously.

"Aye, Ah think we can spare 'er after we've seen this 'ere 'ouse," said Dick, working anxiously at Ray. Then he jerked up his head, shouted, "Come on, Ray!" and dashed out of the door before the astonished Doctor could say a word.

Secret Dungeon?

As Ray followed him into the August and slammed the door he saw the Morris approach and then turn violently to the right. Dick's loss car had picked up the note of the engine whilst it was still a block away. He turned the loss car in nearly as if it had been a London taxi, and they swooped off in pursuit.

"Bit of luck, that!" chorled Dick. "Wonder where they're been all this time?"

"Well, I knew! They seem to be leaving town now."

"If they get on a straight road, we'll catch 'em," stated Dick. "What does a Peacemaker do then? Take 'em back to a secret dungeon and torture them till they reveal that their boss is called The Spider and is in Identity Card is numbered AXN 1131?"

"I'm not there to that one," sneaked Ray. "You know we don't depend ourselves by torturing people. I should think the simplest thing to do in this case would be to hand them over to the police on a charge of stealing the Morris. That'd put 'em out of the way for a bit. One of their big weaknesses is that they are always doing something criminal, if we can only find out what it is."

"Aye, as you now up against the law?" asked Dick anxiously.

"Depends on where we're talking about," replied Ray. "The Resistance Movement in the occupied countries during the war were 'illegal,' weren't they? A chap has to follow his conscience."

"Aye, that's right," agreed Dick, serious for once. "But then chap's don't seem to 'ave one, and there's many folk in 'an' queer ones. A familiar sound came to their ears above the steady hum of their progress. Dick kept his eyes on the road and on the car they were rapidly overtaking, but Ray glanced round in his seat.

"Police car?" he exclaimed.

"That time," grinned Dick. "Better let 'em take over."

He said his last of the accelerator, and the Jaguar slowed to less than a mile a minute. The police car raced past, its alarm sounding. "They're wide awake, then, chaps," remarked Dick approvingly. "Can't think why they didn't get on to us as we were chasing round town without seeing 'em was at Police Ball Good job they've turned up — Ah

think of Ah could've shared you Morris off and without damaging Doctor's car."

The police car drove along level with the Morris and prepared to crowd it into the side. A dining cap was already standing on the running board, ready to help the driver of the Morris if necessary, and Dick drove in his breath with a whistle of admiration.

"Then chaps earn their pay," declared Dick.

"And more!" agreed Ray.

"Ah was at pictures the other night, and a chap went in to the cinema when policeman were shot in the film. What was that outsize Ah showed 'em. Any objection from Peacemakers?"

"I'd have done the same," said Ray.

Just as the police car got alongside the fleeing Morris, the two cars reached a crossroads, and the gangsters' driver swung crazily round to the left. The police car braked and got round too, even though it was on the outside curb. Both cars went into a stall.



"They'll both crash!" breathed Dick, putting his foot down.

But he was wrong. As the Morris recovered, spurs of flame sprang from her, and the police car smashed into the ditch. Dick and Ray couldn't see whether the shots had hit the driver or the tyres or what.

The Jaguar slid to a stop beside the wreck. All four policemen were out by the time they got there, and only the man who had been on the outside seemed to be injured. "Oh, er," grinned Dick, opening the rear door behind him. Two of the policemen sprang in, leaving

the third to stay with their injured comrade, and the Jaguar shot off to continue the pursuit.

"Is he badly hurt?" enquired Ray. "I don't think so," replied one of the cops in the back.

"Look!" exclaimed the other. "They've turned left again. Going back to town. Know where they might be making for?"

"We've an idea," said Ray.

The Morris was now out of sight, and when the Jaguar came to a fork, Dick stopped whilst one of the policemen jumped out and looked for tyre marks.

"Can't be seen," he said, springing back. "I've it thick left!"

Dick drove the Jaguar towards town in the way that started him a word of conversation from the police driver behind him. The young Northerner flashed with pleasure, but said nothing.

"You work at the Ace Garage, don't you?" "Aye, he's at Dick Ransome. That's my pal Ray. Ah hope everybody's all right at garage. We've been chasing you styles Morris a bit now. Where was you all night?"

"Phoney call the other side of town," answered the police driver gloomily. "Same gang, devilish."

The police seemed to have assumed that Ray worked at the garage too, and he breathed a sigh of relief. A good thing Dick had anticipated the inevitable question.

As they swept into the town there was still no sign of the Morris, so Dick made straight for the bombed house with the cellar run which Jim had fallen. As the Jaguar turned into the street they flashed past a youth who had just run out of a side-street.

"Isn't that Jim?" snapped Ray, catching his neck.

Before Dick could answer or even slow down, the Morris tumbled into the street from the other end and sped towards them. Dick held his course until it was clear that the gangster would crash head-on rather than give way.

Then he reversed at the last moment on to the bomb-site on his left, causing the car to skid round on piles of debris in an effort to find a clear way back to the road. At length, with a broken bump and a rattled and jagged bits of iron all round, he stopped the car, and they all got out. The Morris had just stopped in front of the gang's hideout as a boyish figure ran up to it.

The two policemen charged forward, one of them dropping over what looked like an old wire mattress.

Ray shouted "Jim!" and Dick yelled "Kaz!", then both of them, battle-trained, felt the other faint in a terrific explosion shattered the right and a blinding sheet of flame spread from the crumpled Morris to the roof of adjoining houses.

To be continued next week

# CAPTAIN PUGWASH



# CRICKET COACHING BY LEARY CONSTANTINE

THIS WEEK:

CATCHING and



HOLD HANDS LIKE THIS



NOT LIKE THIS



STAND EASILY



LET HANDS GIVE WITH THE BALL

PICKING UP.



SLOW PICK UP BODY WELL BALANCED



HEELS TOGETHER



INSTEP ACTS AS EXTRA DEFENCE.

CUT OUT THIS CORNER AND KEEP CAREFULLY



TWO HANDED SLOW PICK UP.

ONE HAND STEP INTO LINE OF BALL PICK UP OVER INSTEP.



EASY PICK UP FOR CONTINUITY OF ACTION WHEN BALL IS TO BE RETURNED

NEXT WEEK ON DRIVE AND BACK DEFENSIVE STROKES

## TRY IT YOURSELF



PLANT PLENTY OF WEEDS AND THEY WILL SUPPLY THE OXYGEN THE FISH REQUIRE. THEN YOU NEED NEVER CHANGE THE WATER. FEED SPARINGLY.

# SCHOOL FOR SPIES

Another real-life Spy story by

BERNARD NEWMAN



**H**OW do you become a spy? Quite a lot of boys seem interested in this question, so judge by the letters I receive. One lad of 9 asked if I could recommend a good spy school, and if I had its own junior or prep school!

Naturally, the War Office does not advertise for its agents! ("Spies wanted, all sorts and sizes. Apply...")

Nor would it be of much use if you yourself were to advertise. "Boy, aged 14, offers services as spy. Known French up to the pen of the gardener's wife. Very good with a catapult. Can ride a bicycle. Has studied Dick Barton. What offers?" I can give you the answer at once—none!

However, I can tell you of two or three methods of training the ranks of the secret agents.

You are called up for your military service at war-time, let us say. You speak German very well—not just memorandum standard—you have lived in Germany for some years.

Your country officer soon notices that.

Then one day your unit captures some prisoners. Your officer says, "Look, I want some information out of these fellows, quickly—can't wait for the Intelligence Corps. You get busy on them."

So, when an Intelligence Officer comes along, he finds that you have carried out the preliminary interrogation very efficiently. He makes a mental note.

Then, later, he gets you transferred to his staff. At first you question prisoners, or help capture German documents, but one day your officer says, "There is a big bunch of prisoners coming into the cage. These Prisons don't get very freely now, here's a German uniform—take it up. Now I'll brief you—"

He gives you a name and number. You belong to a unit just north of there so which

the prisoners belong. You learn the name of its officers, and tender details. You are handed into the cage as if you were a German prisoner yourself. And men who refuse to talk to a British officer will perhaps talk to one of themselves.

Next comes a precarious job. You crawl out in front of our lines, lie hidden near a German post, and listen to the conversation of German sentries. You can pick up all kinds of details—the morale and casualties at their unit, for example. Or you may get nothing, and all the time be under the fire of your own guns!

One day a senior officer sends for you. "The reports on you are very good," he says. "Your German is first-class, and your nerve is sound. Are you willing to have a go behind the lines?"

He will not press you—only volunteers are of any real use in espionage.

But if you agree, a suitable background will be arranged, and before long you will be dropped or infiltrated behind the German lines, a fully-fledged spy.

Or maybe you are a harmless man who often goes abroad—a commercial traveller, for example.

Some states men in Military Intelligence go to know about this. First he makes some careful enquiries, to prove that you are thoroughly British, have a fair for intrigue, and control of yourself. Then he will approach you—apparently quite casually.

"Keep Your Eyes Open!"

"You're going to Calcutta next week, aren't you?" Well, look, we think that the 21st Division has been replaced by the 60th. Could you just keep your eye open?"

That's a fairly easy job, and you do it. On your next journey the officer suggests something else.

After a long trial on petty tasks, you may be asked to do something bigger. You have the advantage of a good ready-made cover. You continue to do your job as a commercial traveller, and do your spying in your spare time, so to speak.

A third method, you are a naval, army, or air force officer, thoroughly trained, especially on the technical side. Your German is also very good, and you are a natural actor. If you are willing to volunteer for secret service work, you are sent to a spy school. That is not

the arbitrary rule of the establishment, but depends on its very well.

If a war is on, the course is short. In peace time it is very thorough. When you pass out, you will not only be a trained spy yourself—you will be qualified to take charge of a group of sub-agents.

You will learn a good deal about codes and secret talks—I shall write more about those in future articles.

You will be able to drive any make of British or foreign car—and ride a horse as well. You will have made several parachute jumps, and in emergency could take charge of an aircraft.

Your languages have been given special attention, and you know a lot about dialects. The English edition mentions this point, but it is important. A foreign spy who knows only "Oxford" English, for example, might be completely fooled if he overheard a conversation in really broad Lancashire!

You are taught to act as an ordinary man, and to look ordinary. If you belong to the R.A.F. and favour "mole-like" mustaches, of they come!

You learn a lot about roads—and about detonators for sabotage purposes. You become an accomplished burglar, and can pick an ordinary lock with ease.

Naturally, you must keep in first-class physical condition, and your nerve is constantly tested.

At one German spy-school the doctor would take the recruit out into the park surrounding the island building. Suddenly three or four men would run across the turf—a machine gun would open fire, and the recruit would fall and lie still. The recruit might be horrified—perhaps this was his first sight of sudden death. Instantly the doctor would position upon him to test his pulse and heart. Then the "dead" men would get up and walk away—the episode was just a test of the recruit's nerve.

At another school the would-be spy was doused in a pneumatic net, which was inflated. Then he sat on a mechanical contrivance which whirled his chair round and round. Suddenly his seat collapsed, and he was flung aside.

**Jump from a Train**

The pneumatic suit presented him from inflicting injury. He went through the test day after day—until he did it without the special protective suit. It proved to be first-class training for jumping from a moving car or train.

All the while you are having lessons on your own technical subject, whether it be guns or aircraft. As a relief, you learn quite a lot about drama.

In the thriller the spy is a "man of disguise". He comes into a room disguised as a Chamberlain, the police are after him—a few rapid passes with groupings, some business with wigs and whiskers, and he goes out through the window disguised as a Russian, singing the Volga boat song and kicking the snow off his boots!

If you think that you could get away with eggs, whiskers and groupings, just try them! I promise that you won't get very far! The local small boys will notice you even before the police do.

The last degree of all is a character. You are taught to live it, not to put it on. A background is worked out for you, and all your prospects and other papers are beautifully

forged. If your name is to be Hans Schmidt, then you will use the name for weeks, so that you will get used to it. You know all about this Hans—where he was born, details of his father, mother and friends. You know all about his work, too—and you will be prepared to do it, whether it is! Then, by a mass of details, you build up the character of Hans Schmidt, and it is your best protection.

You may need some little changes in your appearance, in case you run into some old acquaintances. If your hair is dyed, it will make a big difference to your appearance, and you are taught to keep it dyed to the same shade. For an emergency, even a detail like altering the parting of your hair can have its effect.

You can appear to be about two inches shorter by practicing a slouch. To pass as opponent who might recognize you, the shape of your face can be temporarily altered by stuffing slices of apple or potato under your cheeks.

**Injecting Molten Wax**

If your "character" demands more permanent alterations, there are many possibilities. There are solutions to darken your skin, and others to bleach it. You can alter the shape of your nose by injecting molten wax under the skin, and then modelling it into shape. For goodness sake don't try this, for it is very, very painful! If you do it, it don't blame me when it hurts—at it will!

You can imagine that after months or years of this training you know a thing or two! You must study the politics of the country where you are going to work, and any local customs and peculiarities.

Idioms and slipshod habits in speech are important—no foreign spy couldn't understand when some people talked about drinking "immels"—he thought that the word meant things like coal and rice, while the people were actually talking about immels and proper beer!

In war-time, as I said, training is naturally much shorter. Once a spy is trained for one particular job—say, reporting on the lay-out of factories in a munitions town. He must know the language, of course. He will be taught how to use a radio transmitter, and how to use some codes for his messages. These "short-term" spies are seldom very successful.

Immediately after the first World War I went to a German spy school at Augsburg, and more recently to one in Hamburg. Both were very interesting. The Augsburg school specialized in naval spies. In one room were models of battleships, cruises, destroyers, and so on—and the spy-recruits had to identify them by their outlines at silhouette. I saw some of the traditional conversation papers, and I must say that they weren't very good. One man made out a mine-layer for a cruise!

I know that it must be very disappointing for you to find that a spy has to go to school for very plain reasons, I imagine!

However, most of the spy course are more interesting than compound fractions and modulus triangles. Another time, for example, I shall tell you about some of the codes which spies are taught to use.

*Another*

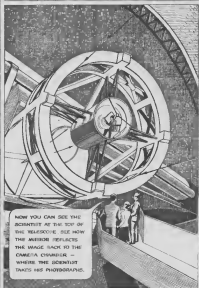
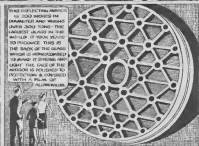
*from spy story*

by Bernard Newman

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# PROFESSOR BRITAIN EXPLAINS: A GIANT TELESCOPE



## Any Questions?

Write to Professor Britain, c/o EAGLE, if you have any questions or problems you would like him to deal with. He will be on this page every fortnight.



# SETH AND SHORTY - COWBOYS

Seth and Shorty  
have been attacked  
by the Redskins  
The Rangers  
ride to the rescue



THE BOSS  
WILL BE GLAD TO  
SEE HIM



TO BE CONTINUED

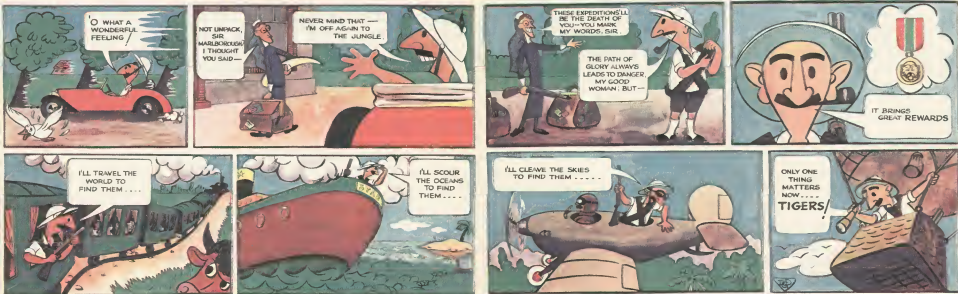
# LONDON'S WONDERFUL UNDERGROUND RAILWAY



## SKIPPY THE KANGAROO

BY DANET, DUBRISAY, GENESTRE

AN ANDRÉ SARRUT PRODUCTION



# HEROES OF THE CLOUDS



LAST WEEK I TOLD YOU ABOUT THE FIRST ASCENT BY MAN IN A HOT-AIR BALLOON BY PIERRE DE ROBERT. THAT ASCENT DIED IN THE ENVELOPE OF THE BALLOON AS YOU WILL REMEMBER, WHEN THE OCCUPANTS WERE OVER PARIS...



FORTUNATELY THE FIRE WAS NOT AS SEVERE AS WAS FIRST FEARED AND IT WAS EXTINGUISHED BY MEANS OF WATER AND A SPONGE... AFTER 25 MINUTES THE BALLOON CAME TO REST AFTER A FLIGHT OF ABOUT 5-6 MILES.



ONE WEEK AFTER DE ROBERT'S ASCENT, M. CHARLES AND M. ROBERT WENT UP IN A BALLOON FILLED WITH HYDROGEN, FROM THE TUILERIES GARDENS - PARIS. THE FLIGHT WAS WITNESSED BY 80,000 PEOPLE ON 16 DECEMBER 1783.

1784 THE FIRST ASCENT BY BALLOON IN ENGLAND



HYDROGEN PROVED TO BE MORE EFFICIENT AND MUCH SAFER THAN HOT AIR FOR DEFLATING SUCH IN BALLOONS AND HAS BEEN USED FOR LIGHTER-THAN-AIR CRAFT UP TO THE PRESENT DAY ALTHOUGH IT IS HIGHLY INFLAMMABLE. THE ART OF BALLOONING QUICKLY SPREAD TO ENGLAND AND VINCENT LUNARD MADE THE FIRST HYDROGEN ASCENT ON 15-SEP. 1784 FROM THE ARTILLERY GROUND (BIGGIA).

1785... Crossing the Channel by Air



JEAN PIERRE BLANCHARD

1805



NAPOLEON PROPOSED TO INVADE ENGLAND BY AIR USING HUGE BALLOONS CARRYING 3000 TROOPS EACH. A VERY WILD IDEA!... JOHN PLYMOUTH PRESENTS THE HOT AIRMAN NO. 1 & 2 FIBRE

## DISCOVERING THE COUNTRYSIDE



by John Dyke

The Cuckoo Pint



LOOK OVER BY THE HEDGE AND THERE'S A WILD ANEMONE OR PINK PINK. CALL IT CUCKOO PINT.

ON THE 15TH OF MAY I SAW A WILD ANEMONE THAT WAS DYING.



YES - BUT NOT FOR THE PURPOSES OF KILLING THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS. THE FLOWERS BREAK UP INTO THE CHIMNEY AND SHOW THE PINK. SOME INSECTS OFFER OFF A PLEASANT SCENT. INSECTS ARE ATTRACTED AND CLIMB DOWN THE CHIMNEY TO EXPLORE.



I'LL PULL AWAY THE CROWN SO THAT YOU CAN SEE DOWN TO THE BOTTOM OF THE CHIMNEY. NOTICE THE BENTLETS POINTING DOWNWARDS. THE INSECT CRAWLS DOWN THEM AND HELPS TO FERTILISE THE FLOWERS. BUT THEN A CHANGE. THE INSECT HAS THE PINK HE CAN'T GET OFF AS EASY AS THE BENTLETS ARE NOW STICKING OUT AT A DIFFERENT ANGLE.



THAT'S RATHER TOUGH ON THE INSECT!

OF COURSE. DON'T HAVE TO WAIT LONG. JOHN, AFTER A WHILE THE BENTLETS WITHER AND THE INSECT, WHO HAS BY THEN COLLECTED ENOUGH POLLEN TO FERTILISE ANOTHER FLOWER, IS ALLOWED TO ESCAPE.



THEN A CUCKOO APPROACHES THE GREAT SCISSOR-LIKE AND CURLS OVER, SHOVELS AWAY TILL THERE IS JUST ENOUGH TO PROTECT THE SEED CAGES.



WHAT HAPPENS TO THE SEEDCAGES THEN?

YOU SEE THAT IN THE AUTUMN, AN INSECT APPEARS IN CONCRETE OF BRIGHT SCARLET BEETLES - LOVELY JUICY PAIR. AND THE INSECT, BUT RESEMBLING TO HUMANS FOR PEOPLE KNOW THEY BELONG TO THE WILD ABURN.



I'LL TAKE YOU DOWN TO THE CURPS NEXT WEEK TO SEE THE LUPIN GARDEN - THEY SHOULD BE COULDED IN RECKLY BY NOW.



## LOST GOLD MINE

Married Spanish explorers, searching through the people of Panama, met natives wearing plentiful gold ornaments. The unsuspecting natives showed the Spaniards where the gold came from. They called it the Tangual Mine. It lay in wild country two hundred miles north of Panama.

The ruthless Spaniards built a strong stone fort beside the mine. They enslaved the local tribes and forced them to build a rough, 50-mile track to the coast. Hundreds of chained natives were driven with whips to work in the mine.

Between 1526-1715, the Tangual Mine sent a million pounds' worth of gold every year to Spain. Then Spain became weak. The Tangual

razons vanished, killed every Spaniard at the mine, tore down the fort, and dismantled the mine. The track to the coast was wiped out by fallen trees, boulders and streams. Tangual Mine disappeared.

Only one white man has seen the mine since then—Mr. Hiram Russell, an American school-teacher, was guided to the spot in 1893 by a friendly chieftain. He saw great stacks lying

in the jungle, heavy brass guns bearing the date 1585 under the royal coat of arms of Spain, and remains of the hidden mine. The chieftain pointed to a shallow depression in the ground. "The mine was there," he said. "We had that also."

Now no-one knows where the mine is. The brave jungle helps guard the secret of its long treasure.

**A** Fill in both sections (A & B) of this coupon. Section A will be used as a label for sending you your Badge, Certificate of Membership, Membership Card etc.

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## Cadbury's Corner QUIZ

WHEN DID WOMEN WEAR *Wet* CLOTHES?



It is recorded that at the end of the 16th century, thin, draped garments were the fashion for women, and dresses were draped especially to make them fit more closely. Luckily, this fashion was not popular for long. It must have been very chilly and uncomfortable.

WHICH Fashion BECAME POPULAR BECAUSE A KING WENT BALD?



The wearing of periwigs during the 17th and 18th centuries. Historians tell us that Louis XIII of France became prematurely bald, and when he started to wear a wig, the French court adopted the fashion, which spread to England, continuing until the reign of George III.

WHO WAS REFUSED ADMISSION TO A CLUB BECAUSE HE WORE *Trousers*?

It is said that Alva's refused to admit the Duke of Wellington to his fashionable assembly because he was improperly dressed—in trousers. He was there years too early—he should have been wearing breeches.



WHERE WAS COCOA USED AS MONEY?

So far as we know the Aztecs of Mexico had no coined money. They used either cocoa beans or gold dust.

For more quiz and other puzzles and...  
I want Cadbury's!

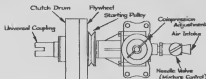
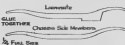
# MAKING YOUR OWN MODEL RACING CAR



## CONSTRUCTING THE 1½ LITRE ERA RACING CAR

### PART II

by G.W. ARTHUR-BRAND



GENERAL ARRANGEMENT OF POWER UNIT

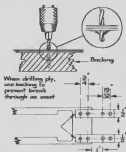
### THE CHASSIS

Lay out the laminates and chassis side members on glass, with the aid of a sheet of squared paper and the scale given last time. Transfer on to the ply block, which you should have already prepared, and cut out with a sharp penknife or fretsaw. Sand edges, and glue together with laminates on the inside, three left and three right.

Mark out base on chassis right and remove centre. Apply compass-making sure that all sides are kept parallel. The side bearings are made from 3/16 in. x 1/2 in. x 1/8 in. and slot slip clockwise from any iron mangle.

Drill 3/16 in. holes as shown opposite, mark out positions on rear platform of base, drill through and locate with 6 B.A. bolts and nuts, using washers top and bottom.

Next time, we shall assemble the chassis complete with wheels, motor and transmission; in the mean time study the general arrangement of the power unit above right. Check that you have allowed sufficient clearance for the mounting, legs to be tough on the side platform of the base.



HAND THIS FORM TO YOUR NEWSBOT OR  
TAKE IT TO YOUR NEWSAGENT'S SHOP

# Lash Lonergan's Quest

By MOORE RAYMOND

## The story so far

Lash Lonergan, after winning a fortune contest that makes him America's champion ransacker and stock-picking expert, is on his way home to Coolahish Creek again.

Some years before, his uncle miserably accused him of cowardice and furnished him with a credit proxy he was a man. Now Lash needs no more in triumph, accompanied by Ransacker O'Reilly, his loyal stockman friend and Squab, a boy whom they had rescued from the cruel clutches of a Sydney schoolboy.

On the way Lash is informed by Mopoke, a friendly stranger, that his uncle has been found dead in the bush in a place of great interest to him. Meanwhile the enormous, emerald Dug Menzies, has taken over the station. On arrival at the station homestead, Lash is confronted by a group of men in his hand. Meanwhile the enormous, emerald Dug Menzies, has taken over the station. On arrival at the station homestead, Lash is confronted by a group of men in his hand. Meanwhile the enormous, emerald Dug Menzies, has taken over the station.



Knowing that his uncle left him the property in his will, he makes through a short notice to the nearby settlement of Yarramans to see the bank manager. An extensive notice is given to the bank manager. The bank is on fire, and some money is lost. Lash is on fire, and some money is lost. Lash is on fire, and some money is lost.

## Chapter 3

WHEN Lash and the blackstock "snapped" Lash at the surveyed the scene of burglary and destruction.

"Nobody knows," said a new voice behind them. They turned to see Sergeant Sudo, the mounted policeman whose job was to keep the peace in Yarramans and the surrounding straggles.

"That bushranger and his mob," went on the policeman, "only started operations a few weeks ago. First of all they robbed the bank at Gageon Crossing. Then they held up the hotel at the Turp-Mile. They shot the land-owner through the shoulder and got away with a lot of dough. And now this job."

McPhee the bank manager came in detached tones. "Why aren't you chasing those desperadoes instead of standing there talking about them?"

"Have a heart, Mr. McPhee," put in Lash. "Not even the best blackstockmen in Australia could follow The Huntblack in this fast track."

"And not tomorrow either," replied Sergeant Sudo. "If the storm stopped now, they'd leave tracks in the dust that a blind man could follow. But you can see it's going to keep up all night and cover the tracks of the bushrangers."

"And," added Rawhide O'Reilly, "when do you think this twisted bit of bedevilled mankind and his mob have their hidden place?"

"Nobody knows," replied the policeman. "Somehow up in the hills, we think. They do their jobs at night and rule off before anyone can follow. They just disappear. We've offered a reward to —"

"Reward?" snorted the bank manager. "What I want is action!"

"You're going to get it," replied the sergeant calmly. "But I hope you don't expect me to go straight out and capture a dozen armed bushrangers. Headquarters are sending out a troop of mounted police to help me hunt down The Huntblack and his mob."

The sergeant turned to Lash and went on. "Is the reward we've offered a reward of five hundred pounds to anyone who gives information leading to The Huntblack's capture. After tonight I should think the reward will be doubled."

Rawhide cried, "Oh, I could just do with a thousand of those little bits of paper they call quids!"

"I could do with ten little bits of paper called a quid," said Lash quietly as he walked off.

"Then we'll both go after him, cobbler," you go after the will and I'll go after the reward."

"I'm gone after him too!" piped a boyish voice. They chuckled as Squab slipped in between them.

youngster with a shiver. "I don't fancy why he don't wear a mask like the other bushrangers?"

"Oh, he poor ignorant child!" said Rawhide. "Do you think there's a hundred Huntblack in these parts? What's the use of wearing a mask on your face when you can't disguise your body?"

"Aw, I saw it." The boy turned to Lash and asked, "Where are we going to start looking for him?"

"I'll answer that question in the morning," replied the ransacker as he walked up the windmill steps and made for his bed. "That's a problem I'll have to sleep on. Goodnight, mate."

Gradually the sounds of excitement died away, and once more Yarramans lay asleep under the drifting mist of dawn.

Lash was suddenly awake. Except for open eyes, he had not moved — but he was wide awake and alert. He saw it was still dark. The wind had dropped and the dust some was over.

Then he became conscious of a faint, warm touch on his lips. At once he recognized the stranger's trick of waking a man without causing him to move or make an exclamation. Just a soft touch of a finger on the lips.

"Mama Lash," whispered a voice in his ear. "Mopoke!" The stranger's reply was hardly more than a sigh.

Rawhide's stammer created a few yards away. The big Irishman grunted in his sleep and turned over on the other side. Then silence.

After a time Lash felt the black's warm breath on his ear as the purring voice murmured, "Mopoke no waster all-fella, waster this fella looks like. What means: 'I don't want everybody to know I'm here?' Evidently the black was still worried of being arrested by the police for having stolen the horse of which he had ridden to warn the roughrider."

Lash knew this was neither the time nor the place to assure Mopoke that his fears were groundless — so he simply waited and

waited in the darkness. Mopoke whispered again. "Bushranger fella looks Opalwone."

Lash started with surprise. With a supreme effort he restrained himself from gasping out, "You dreamer!" Instead, he waited and waited in silence.

"Mopoke fella looks Opalwone happy. Plenty fella waken up. Bushranger fella very good. This fella waken fella very good. You cobbler, eh, Miss Lonergan? Goodbye!"

Mopoke disappeared silently and swiftly into the darkness.

Lash turned his head and looked out at the few brilliant stars of the Southern Cross, now low on the horizon. He knew that dawn was not far off.

As he lay there he pictured in his mind the adventure of Mopoke. . . . The dispirited, decaying settlement of Opalwone, deserted by all men except the frightened, black fugitive sleeping in a ramshackle hut. . . . The arrival of The Huntblack and his mob after the last robbery. Mopoke's flight to seek out Lash and tell him the news.

Did the mysterious Mopoke already know that The Huntblack had stolen something belonging to Lash? Or did he tell the roughrider about the bushrangers because he wanted him to get the reward? These were puzzles that only the adventure himself could answer.

"The men think," thought Lash as he watched the first streaks of dawn above the misty trees, "that Mopoke saw The Huntblack up in Opalwone."

The night's adventure had not spoiled any appetite, and they breakfasted reasonably on steak and fried bananas. Meanwhile Lash thanked McPhee for his hospitality and told him they would be leaving straight after the meal.

"Where are you making for, Lash?"

"Oh, long walkabout," smiled the roughrider, using a common aboriginal expression to disguise his real plans.

The bank manager looked offended, so Lash added, "Oh, we're just going to have a look round. I might be able to find out where The Huntblack stores his loot."

"But where are you three going to live for the present — till you take over Coolahish Creek again?"

"Will you keep it secret?" asked Lash in serious tones.

"Of course I will, cobbler,"

"Opalwone."

McPhee started and exclaimed — "Good idea! And it's not far from Coolahish Creek either. Now what about money? Of course I can lend you a bit of —"

"Not a bob!" laughed the roughrider. "Speak for your aggressive self!" cried Rawhide O'Reilly. "Now I'd like you to lend me the loan of —"

"Not a zinc!" cut in Lash. "Not a tray-bill! Not a penny! We're going to earn it. Do you realize, my lassy Irish friend, that there are several quids just waiting to fall into our hands?"

"Eh? Where?"

"If you'd watched the sleep out of your eyes this morning," grinned Lash, "you'd have seen the rotten stack up all over the place. Sports at Opalwone tomorrow. Backpacking, cattle driving, trick riding, and so on."

"Where's Opalwone?" asked the inquiring Lash.

"It's a little place across the river. About twelve miles from here. Come on, kid, saddle up!"

They were soon on their way through the bush, making for Opalwone. Rawhide produced his business bag and twanged it restlessly as he sang:

"Once a jolly outlaw came to a hillbilly, Under the shade of a coolahish tree, And he sang as he watched and waited till his belly filled."

When he came to a waltz! Matilda with me!"

Started galloping and white collection flew off screening kangaroos and wallabies. They charged away into the trees. Gorman settled with the dry yellow pine, and sometimes a black snake or a bush-adder glided across their path.

"You missed me," grinned Lash to Rawhide, "if that were in the old Greek stories —"

and a boy, who used to chase animals and birds with his bow. Except you're in reserve!"

Rawhide protested not to hear, and sang on singing.

"Waltz! Matilda, waltz! Matilda, Who'll come a-waltz! Matilda with me! And he sang as he watched and waited till his belly filled."

Who'll come a-waltz! Matilda with me!"

Lash decided the time had come to tell his companions about the other reason for his visit to Opalwone. He related his experience with Mopoke that morning before dawn.

It was a still and scorching afternoon by the time they reached the outskirts of Opalwone. All these demonstrated in the scrub and uttered their hoarse before approaching the settlement silently on foot.

Suddenly Opalwone lay before them. It was a township in ruins. Its little wooden buildings were rotting and collapsing from decay and the overgrowth of lawyer vines and wild ivy. Corrugated iron roofs were eaten away with rust, and tanks had crumbled and collapsed.

A bird shrieked in alarm, and a cloud of white cockatoos rose screaming and wheeling. Two gossamer scuttled across the road, leaving streaky trails in the hot dust.

Then came silence again. . . . while the three investigators watched and listened for any sign or sound of human life.

"If The Huntblack and his mob are here," muttered Rawhide, "they're the stinkiest lot of bushrangers in the history of the bush."

Lash curbed the impatience of the Irishmen for another merely momentary observation before making the next move.

"Squab," he said, "you stay behind and look after the horses. Rawhide, you came with me."

"Aw, gee —" began the disappointed boy.



Lash cut him short with a frown. "which soon turned to a smile, accompanied by instructions to follow when he heard the roughrider's whistle. Lash and Rawhide walked softly and slowly down the road that led through the timbered town. Their glances darted from side to side, watching for any sign of ambush. But all they saw were barns looking in the blazing sun.

Nearly all the buildings—houses, stores, pubs—were in such a state of collapse that they could see right inside them. Only one or two might possibly have concealed The Hatchback and its men—but it was most unlikely.

Lash stopped and caught Rawhide's arm. "Somebody's had a fire. I can smell ash." The other man sniffed laughily and replied positively. "I can smell the delicious scent of the scorching blossoms borne on the breeze from—"

"Along here," said the roughrider, striding towards the building that had once been Opal-town's bank. More strongly built than the rest, it had suffered less devastation than the others.

Lash bounded up the steps and put his shoulder to the door. It swung open with a rusty squeal of protest.

"Look!" cried Lash. "The strongboxes!" "Well, there the strong boxes and still the hands!" gasped Rawhide over his companion's shoulder. "They're all busted open."

A dozen strongboxes were on the floor flattered and broken open with an axe, they lay around the papers and documents strewn around the room. In the middle was a heap of ash—as if The Hatchback had started to burn the documents but soon gave up.

"Look for Uncle Peter's will," instructed Lash as he began a hurried search of the documents.

Their swift investigation was fruitless. A dusty, more careful examination gave proof that the will was not among their papers.

"Then it's burnt?" exclaimed Lash angrily. "When I got my hands on that—"

"Easy now, cobbler," cut in Rawhide gently. "An quack your fulminant and fumigant" all you hear what I've discovered. All these strongboxes have got rances on 'em."

"Well?"

"Well, me boy, there's not one of 'em got he name o' your Uncle Peter."

"Then there's still hope of finding it," grinned Lash. "The Hatchback might still have it. Or he might have dropped it on the way up here. Or—"

A sound made him break off and twist on his heel. Flashed in the bright doorway stood Dago Monster.

Lash reached for the coiled whip at his belt. At the same moment Dago crooked his arm in readiness to flick the knife from his sleeve holster. Rawhide stood and gaped.

Before any of the three could make a move, the barrel of a rifle was thrust through the door. It was followed by Greasy Joe.

"A whip and a couple of hairy lins can't take a knife and a gun," said Dago in a smug, oily tone.

"What are you doing here?" snapped Lash, taking his hand off his whip.

Dago, lowering his arm, replied: "Like you, I know there's a reward for the capture of The Hatchback. And, like you, I'm investigating."

He darted away from the door into a corner of the room, motioning Greasy Joe to follow. Lash and Rawhide looked into the other corner.

Lash said quietly: "You don't happen to be looking for a certain document, I suppose?"

Hate burned in the eyes of Dago Monster. He stepped forward into the middle of the room and muttered: "I've always wanted to give you a good hiding with my bare fists. Come and take it."

"With the greatest of pleasure," roared Lash as he moved towards his challenger, at the same time conscious that the whole scene was dominated by the gas in the hands of Greasy Joe.

The two men squared for a few moments. Lash was an expert and flashed out his left fist. Dago, with clever anticipation, moved back just in time to avoid it.

All in a moment, Dago Monster froze to immobility and, staring over Lash's shoulder towards the door, cried in a choking voice: "The Hatchback!"

Lash whirled about. The doorway was empty.

He knew he had been tricked even before he felt the agonizing pain on the side of his head, where Dago had hit him with his heavy boot. Blowing through his teeth, Lash fell to the floor.

Rawhide, shouting an ugly oath, leaped to his friend's assistance.

Greasy Joe jerked up the muzzle of the gun and squeezed the trigger, as a big, dark-green missile hurtled through the door.

When! The sound of the shot echoed down the dusty, deserted road and sent the cockles wheezing and screaming in a startled cloud above the deserted Opaltown.

Lash behind to mind the three heroes, Squab lightly landed into the scrab. He squatted in the shade of the pines tree in which Monarch, Stony Lee, and Patch were tethered.

For a while he listened intently for Lash's answering whistle, but all he could hear was the far-off sound of cockatoos.

Tired after the long ride, he became drowsy with the heat. He began to doze.

He woke suddenly to see a huge bird moving through the trees about twenty yards away. As long as Patch the pony, the brown ewe went stalling by in dignified and deliberate fashion.

Squab, who had never been so close to an ewe before, got up quickly and followed it.

Another ewe was sitting in the grass. It



saw Squab and croaked in alarm as it struggled to its feet. The other bird croaked a reply—and both went thumping off into the scrub.

"I wonder..." murmured the boy as he walked over to the spot where the ewe had been sitting.

He was right! There was a wide, shallow nest with six huge eggs in it—six dark-green eggs so big that Squab had to use two hands to lift one from the nest.

What a find! What a sight to show Lash and Rawhide!

Suddenly the boy wondered if Lash had wheeled while he had been dozing. Maybe he'd better go and see.

He tucked the egg under his arm. Quietly and cautiously he uncoiled through the trees and down the dusty road through Opaltown.

He thought he heard voices from somewhere ahead. Then he heard them again, unmistakably in argument—and one of them did not belong either to Lash or to Rawhide.

At the foot of the mope, he heard the oily tones of Dago Monster—and then the challenge to fight. He reached the door in time to see Dago's brutal kick at Lash's knee that sent the roughrider to the floor, followed by Rawhide's entry into the fray.

Greasy Joe raised his gun. Squab hurried the ewe egg with all his might as the ugly face.

Scratch!

As the huge egg smashed against Greasy Joe's forehead, the stockman staggered back and his gun went off. The bullet flew harmlessly through the roof.

While the yolk streamed down his face, Greasy Joe frantically worked the rifle to bring another bullet into the magazine.

But Rawhide hurried himself on the stockman and brought him crashing to the floor. All this happened so swiftly that Dago

Monster stood immobile with surprise. Then he moved with the speed of a striking snail.

The right arm flashed wide, flicking the knife from the sleeve holster into his hand. Staring down at Rawhide's unprotected back, he aimed the knife.

Lash, lightning against the agony of an injured knee, rolled over and munched at the handle of his whip. The whirling thong lashed at Dago's wrist, croaked it, and jerked it violently downwards.

"Ab-a-b!" yelled Dago in pain, as the knife flew out of his hand and clattered on the floor. In a flash, Rawhide was on his feet with his captured rifle in his hands.

"Diagon!" yelled the Irishman, covering both Dago and Greasy Joe. Then he hoaxed with laughter at the sight of Joe, half-blinded by the yell he was trying to wipe down his face. "Ha-ha-ha! Hoo-hoo-hoo! Joe's got the yeller jaundice!"

Lash struggled to his feet and leaped over to the door, where Squab was standing, still half-blinded by the muzzling ram's that followed the throwing of the ewe egg.

"Bouncer shot, cobbler!" granted Lash, patting the boy's shoulder. Those few brazen words, spoken in a heartfelt tone, meant as much to Squab than a whole speech of praise.

Lash turned to Dago and Greasy Joe. "Now get. And don't bother to pick flowers on the way. The Irishman will accompany you to your boxes and wave you goodbye."

Rawhide waved the rifle towards the door and the two stockmen stony obeyed.

"Squab," said Lash to the boy, "go and get the horses. I can't walk much with this gentry knee."

Following the others, Lash limped out on to the veranda.

Sniffing malevolently over his shoulder, Dago Monster said, "We'll meet again soon, Lowbrags."

"Very soon. Maybe even tomorrow," Lash chuckled and added, "Remember how you said a whip was no good against a knife and a gun. Well, now you never get the best weapon of all is a well-aimed ewe egg!"

Fifteen minutes later the mounted men were riding back along the road through Opaltown.

"Too dangerous to stay right here in the place," Lash told them, "now that Dago and company know we're been fouling around. There's a big white telebell about a mile to the south. That's where we'll unload our rigs."

"Now will you tell me," said Rawhide as they turned off the road into the scrub, "why that dingo kicked you on the knee? It's a queer answer for such a man."

"Aren't you forgetting that we're going to Queensland tomorrow?"

"For the pretty?" exclaimed the Irishman. "And o' course that son-o-f-a-nale will be there with his mob to compete in the buck-jumps! And if your leg's crook, he'll win it."

To be continued next week

## GRANDPA





# ROB CONWAY IN SEARCH OF A SECRET CITY



CONTINUED

Wall's  
ICE CREAM

Presents

# TOMMY WALLS The Wonder Boy

HERE IS A POLICE MESSAGE—PEOPLE IN THE HOMESWOOD AREA ARE WARNED THAT CARDOS, THE BENGAL TIGER, HAS ESCAPED FROM THE CIRCUS. A REWARD IS OFFERED.....



OH BOY, FELLOWS—IF WE CAN CATCH CARDOS WE CAN CLAIM THE REWARD.



I SAW THE TIGER! IT'S JUST DOWN THE STREET.



AWAY! THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE—HE'S GONE BEHIND THE HOUSE!



CAN'T BACK OUT NOW! AFTER THAT WALL'S ICE CREAM I HAD FOR TEA, I SHOULD BE EQUAL TO ANYTHING.



HE'S COMING BACK!

QUICK! OPEN THE TOOL-SHED DOOR, BOE AND THEN ALL OF YOU GET BEHIND THE FENCE.



WITH HIS TORCH, TOMMY HYPNOTISES THE TIGER AND FORCES HIM BUCK THROUGH THE DOOR.

QUICK WITH THAT DOOR—I'LL GO AND DIAL 999.



THERE'S A £5 REWARD AND FREE SEATS AT THE RINGSIDE FOR YOU BOYS!



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# THE GREAT ADVENTURER

**JERUSALEM  
1900 YEARS AGO**

SAUL OF TARSUS, A LEADER  
IN THE PERSECUTION OF THE  
NAZARENES (CHRISTIANS) IS  
QUESTIONING NAZARENE  
PRISONERS

ALRIGHT CAPTAIN,  
LET HIM STAND  
UP

AND YOU MEAN  
YOU ACTUALLY SAW  
THIS SO-CALLED  
MESSIAH ALIVE  
AFTER HE WAS  
CAUCIFIED?

AYE, I SAW HIM,  
BROTHER—AS CLEARLY  
AS I CAN SEE YOU  
NOW!

THE GREAT SEALED  
STONE, BLOCKING  
THE TOMB HAD  
BEEN ROLLED  
AWAY....

HIS AIR OF POWER  
GRIPPED PEOPLE  
— THAT'S WHY  
HE COULD OURE  
THEM....

I USED TO BE  
BLIND, SO I  
KNOW WHAT  
I'M TALKING  
ABOUT....

TO MY MIND  
HE'S PROVED  
HIS CLAIMS TO  
BE MORE THAN  
MERE MAN.

WHAT'S HE AFTER?— THREE  
SOLID DAYS HE'S BEEN AT IT  
NOW— ASKING THEM QUESTIONS  
AND ARGUING WITH THEM

WASTE OF TIME, I RECKON  
STONE THE LOT!! SAY!

SAUL QUESTIONS PRISONER AFTER PRISONER...

IF YOU'D HEARD  
HIM SPEAKING  
YOU'D HAVE FELT  
AS WE DO,  
BROTHER!

BY THE BEARD OF ABRAHAM!  
WILL YOU FOOLS' STOP  
CALLING ME  
'BROTHER'!  
I'M NO FRIEND  
OF YOURS!

OH, TAKE THEM AWAY!  
— I'VE NO MORE  
TIME TO WASTE.  
I MUST GET READY  
TO GO TO  
DAMASCUS

THREE SOLID DAYS OF  
CROSS-EXAMINATION,  
BLOWS AND THREATS  
AND I CAN'T MAKE  
ANY OF THEM CHANGE  
THEIR BELIEF!

I CAN UNDERSTAND A STRONG  
MAN LIKE THAT STEPHEN—  
BUT SOME OF THESE ARE  
WEEDY, IGNORANT OLD  
PEASANTS... AND WOMEN!  
WHERE DO THEY GET THEIR  
STRENGTH FROM? IT  
CAN'T COME FROM  
THEMSELVES....

WHAT AM I THINKING OF? THIS IS  
RIDICULOUS. HEIGHO, I'D BETTER  
TURN IN, I WANT AN EARLY START  
FOR DAMASCUS TOMORROW

IN THE CELL

DID YOU HEAR HIM  
SAY HE WAS GOING  
TO DAMASCUS?

YOU CAN GUESS  
WHAT FOR!

WE MUST  
WARN THE  
BRETHREN  
THESE  
SOMEHOW!

RUTH WILL BE COMING  
TO THE GRATING SOON  
WITH FOOD. SHE CAN  
TAKE A MESSAGE TO  
THE MEETING  
TONIGHT.

BUT HOW WILL  
THEY GET IT TO  
DAMASCUS  
BEFORE SAUL  
?

TO BE CONTINUED